

Six  
~~Eight~~-page songbook, not included in a binder.

Title: January 25, 1986 Reunion Song Book

Branch of Service: U.S. Air Force

Publisher: The Eighth Air Force Historical Society, California Chapter

Source: Getz Collection

Notes: Includes cover page, introduction (1 page), and copies of song texts from various sources. Total of ~~eight~~<sup>Six</sup> pages copied on both sides.

January 25, 1986 Reunion  
Song Book - Eighth Air Force



**The Eighth Air Force Historical Society**  
CALIFORNIA CHAPTER

**JANUARY 25, 1986 REUNION**

**SONG BOOK**

"THE EIGHTH AIR FORCE...ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS IN HISTORY"  
Roger Freeman

## INTRODUCTION

Music has always been a part of the heritage of the American Armed Forces, from Valley Forge to the Red River Valley of Vietnam. Music became an important part of the Air Force since its earliest days, and particularly in World War I. In those days, the U. S. Army Air Service had to "borrow" most of the songs from either the British or the Army ground forces or the Navy. Just before WW II, the Army Air Corps came into its own as far as music was concerned, and, of course, WW II brought forth all of the musical talent of the vastly expanded service--which became the U. S. Army Air Force in 1943.

Group singing is fun. It creates a comradery that transcends differences between people -- a great leveler. It loosens inhibitions and makes the "old fuddy-dud" into a real swinger. In keeping with the nostalgia of the occasion, the songs selected for the reunion sing-along are familiar tunes that were popular during WW II. Your sing-along maestro, Bill Getz, has included copies of the original pages from one of the early Air Force song books, **AIR FORCE AIRS**, published by the Air Force Aid Society in 1943 (with an introduction by General Hap Arnold). In most cases, the songs include the music score (piano) for those of you who play an instrument. To help some of us whose eyes are a little dimmer, the lyrics of some songs have also been reprinted in larger type. Enjoy.

# I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

BRITISH AIR CADET VERSION

Word and Music  
BOX, COX and HALL

## Marziale

*mf*  
I've got six-pence, jol-ly, jol-ly six-pence,

I've got six-pence to last me all my life. I've got

tup-pence to spend and tup-pence to lend and

tup-pence to send home to my wife, Poor wife. No

cares have I to grieve mo, No pret-ty, lit-tle

(1) MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish rose,  
The sweetest flower that grows.  
You may search everywhere,  
But none can compare  
With my wild Irish rose.

My wild Irish rose,  
The dearest flower that grows,  
And someday for my sake,  
She may let me take,  
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

(2) MY WILD EYED CADET

(Tune: *My Wild Irish Rose*)

My wild eyed cadet,  
He aint't learned nothing yet.  
He noses her down,  
When close to the ground,  
My wild eyed cadet.

He slips in his banks,  
If he lives we'll all give thanks,  
I hear drums beating low,  
And men marching slow,  
Behind my wild eyed cadet.



COPILLOT'S LAMENT

(Tune: *Sweet Betsy From Pike*)

I'm the copilot, I sit on the right,  
I'm quick and courageous, and  
wonderfully bright.  
My job is remembering what the Captain  
forgets,  
I never talk back so I have no regrets.  
I'm just a copilot and a long way from  
home.

I make out the flight plan and study  
the weather,  
I pull up the gear and standby to  
feather.  
I clean out his mailbox and file his  
reports,  
And I fly the old crate to the tune  
of his snores.  
I'm just a copilot and a long way from  
home.

I make out the flight plan according to  
Hoyle,  
I take all the readings, I check on the  
oil.  
I hustle him out for the midnight alarm  
I fly through the fog while he sleeps  
on my arm.  
I'm just a copilot and a long way from  
home.

I treat him to coffee, I buy him his  
cokes.  
I laugh at his corn and his horrible  
jokes.  
And once in awhile when his landings  
are rusty,  
I come thorough with, Yes, sireee, it  
sure is gusty.  
I'm just a copilot and a long way from  
home.

BRITISH AIR CADET SONG

**Brightly**

Brightly

A musical score for a piano piece titled 'Brightly'. The score is written for piano (p) and features a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The piece is marked 'Brightly' and includes a series of chords: C, Bb7, F, Fm6, C, G7, and CdimC. The melody is played in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

The musical score for 'The Troop Ship' is presented in a two-staff format. The upper staff is for the vocal line, and the lower staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score begins with a piano introduction marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The vocal line starts with the lyrics 'They say there's a troop-ship just'. The piano accompaniment features chords and arpeggiated figures. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

leav-ing Bom-bay, Bound for old Blight-y's shore, Heav-i - ly

la-den with time-ex-pired men, Bound for the land they a - dore, ——— There's

man-y an air-man just fin-ish-ing his time, there's man-y a "twirp" sign-ing

F7 Bb7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Fb7

girls to de - cieve me. I'm hap-py as a king, be

Ab Fm Fm7 Bb7 Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb

lieve me, As we go roll-ing, roll-ing home.

Refrain Bb7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb

Roll-ing home (Roll-ing home) roll-ing home (Roll-ing home) by the light of the

F7 Bb7 Fm Bb7 Eb Eb7 Eb+ Ab C7

sil - ver-y moo - oo - oo - oon; Hap-py is the day when the air-man gets his

Fm Fm7 Bb7 1. Adim Bb7 2. Ab Eb

pay As we go roll-ing, rolling home. Roll-ing home.

#5

## SPIRIT OF THE AIR CORPS

(from Paramount Picture "I Wanted Wings")

Words and Music by  
WILLIAM J. CLINCH

## Marcia con spirito



G7 Dm7 G7 C Cdim C G7 Dm7 G7

*p-f*

In - to the air, hands Ar - my the Air Corps! Give 'er the  
on the throt - tle as we all

C Em Am D7 D7-5 G7 Dm7 C

gun, wait pi for lots the true! In - to the air,  
And we will meet

Cdim C Em Cm6 D7

Ar my Air Corps! Hold her nose up in the  
them half way, men. We will drive 'em to the



G G G G7 G7 G7 G7 G7 G7 D7 D7

on, You'll get no pro - mo - tion this side of the o - cean so cheer up my

Dm G7 Cdim C C C C C C C C

lads, bless 'em all. Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, The long and the

C7 C7 F A7 Dm G7 G7 F G7 G7 G7 G7

short and the tall, Bless all the ser - geants and Dou - ble you O - ones,

D7 D7 Bm D7 G7 F6 G7 D7 G7 C C C C C

bless all the corp - rais and their blink - in' sons, for we're say - ing good - bye to them

C C C G7 C C C7 C7 F A7 Dm G7 G7

all, As back to their bil - lets they crowd, You'll get no pro -

G7 Dm6 G7 G7 G7 G7 D7 D7 Fm6 G7 Cdim C C

mo - tion this side of the o - cean, so cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

#6

Arranged by  
ESTHER S. CASE

## COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR CORPS

Words by  
ROLAND BIRNN

Allegro moderato

*mf*  
Come on and join the Air Corps, and get your fly - ing  
oth - ers toil and stud - y hard and soon grow old and

pay, blind, You You won't have to work at all but loaf a - round all  
take the air with - out a care and nev - er, nev - er

1. C 2. C E7 F A7 Dm D#dim C G7  
day While mind. Nev - er mind, nev - er mind,

C C C C G7 C C G7 C  
Come on and join the Air Corps, and you will nev - er mind.

Words by permission of Roland Birnn.

G Guitar tacet G7 Dm7 G7 G9 C Am

blue. sod. When you hear our last mo - tors sing - in' Then, when our last flight is o - ver,

C 3 G7 C G7 C7 F A7 Dm Guitar tacet Dm7

And our steel props start to whine, you can bet the And we meet our fly - ing boss, you can bet the

B7 Cdim C G7 C Em Cm D7 G7

Ar - my Air Corps is a - long the fight - ing air is clear, men, from O - ri - on to the

1. C Am6 C G7 Dm7 G7 2. C F6 C

line. We have our cross.

2. Our pilots do a lot of stunts  
And do them well, of course;  
And if you think that isn't hard,  
Just try to loop a horse.  
Our air mechanics have more brains  
Than generals of the line,  
But don't get sore, just join the corps,  
And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

Never mind, never mind:  
Come on and join the Air Corps,  
And you will never mind.

3. Come on and get promoted  
As high as you desire,  
You're riding on the gravy train  
When you're an army flyer.  
But just when you're about to be  
A general, you find  
That your motors cough and your wings fall off  
But you will never mind.

CHORUS.

4. You're flying ~~O'er~~ the ocean  
And then ~~from~~ where you sit,  
You see your prop come to a stop  
Your engine it has quit.  
You cannot swim, the ship won't float,  
The shore is miles behind,  
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish,  
But you will never mind.

CHORUS.

5. You're flying on cross-country,  
The fog comes all around;  
There's ice at fifteen hundred feet  
And snowdrifts on the ground.  
You curse the day you learned to fly  
With care your face is lined,  
But you use your dome and bring her home,  
And then you never mind.

CHORUS.

6. Come on and join the Air Corps  
And think your skill is good,  
Until you start blind flying tricks,  
Beneath a canvas hood.  
You fly her toward the mountains  
With a lookout man behind,  
He gives a shout and bails right out,  
But you will never mind.

CHORUS.

7. They send you down to ——— Field  
And keep you there for years,  
And if you try to bellyache  
They pin back both your ears.  
Oh, ——— Field's a lousy place  
As you will quickly find.  
But I don't care, I'm leaving there,  
And so I never mind.

CHORUS.

8. Come on and join the Air Corps  
And never take a dare,  
If someone bets there's any stunt  
You can't do in the air.  
Just show the boys how hot you are,  
And while they stand behind,  
You just be bold, while they grow old,  
And they will never mind.

CHORUS.



## FLIGHT SECTION W

(1) WALTZING MATILDA  
(Tune: Original)

NOTE: A 19th Century, Australian bush song that almost became their National Anthem in the 1970's! It lost to another entry only because the words to the original song are so well-known and the story is about a "jolly swagman", which is a hobo in Australian slang! (Some say it means "robber"). Nevertheless, this haunting melody has been a favorite around the world, and no military song collection would be complete without it. There are a few differences from the versions in most of the Air Force songbooks, but this version is "pure Australian" and comes from neighbors of the Editor's, Alex and Ann Karas, with the Australian Consulate in San Francisco (1981).

Definitions:

Swagman: A hobo (robber?)  
 Billabong: a water hole or stream  
 Waltzing Matilda: carrying a bundle on a stick.  
 Jumbuck: a small lamb.  
 Tuckerbag: small bag.  
 Coolibah tree: Eucalyptus tree  
 Billy: stew  
 Squatter: landowner - cattleman

## WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by  
 a billabong,  
 Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
 And he sang as he sat and waited till  
 his billy boiled,  
 "Who'll come a-waltzing, Matilda  
 with me?"

*CHORUS (repeat after each verse)*

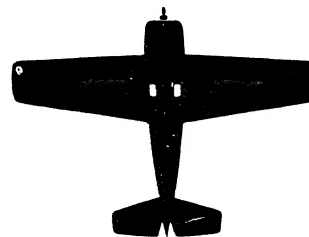
"Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
 Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda  
 with me?"

And he sang as he watched and waited  
 till his billy boiled,  
 "Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda  
 with me?"

Along came a jumbuck to drink at  
 the billabong,  
 Up jumped the swagman and grabbed  
 him with glee.  
 And he sang as he stuffed that jumbuck  
 in his tuckerbag,  
 "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda  
 with me."

Up rode the squatter, mounted on  
 his thoroughbred,  
 Up rode the troopers, one, two, three:  
 "Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got  
 in your tuckerbag?  
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into  
 the billabong.  
 "You'll never take me alive", said he.  
 And his ghost may be heard as you pass  
 by that billabong,  
 "Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda  
 with me?"



GRUMMAN F4F  
"WILDCAT"  
FIGHTER

